

IN Appropriate And A Press



his dramatic engraving somewhat exaggerates the British occupation of the city in August 1814. The buildings in reality...

JULY 2018

AFTER #12 MAY ISSUE



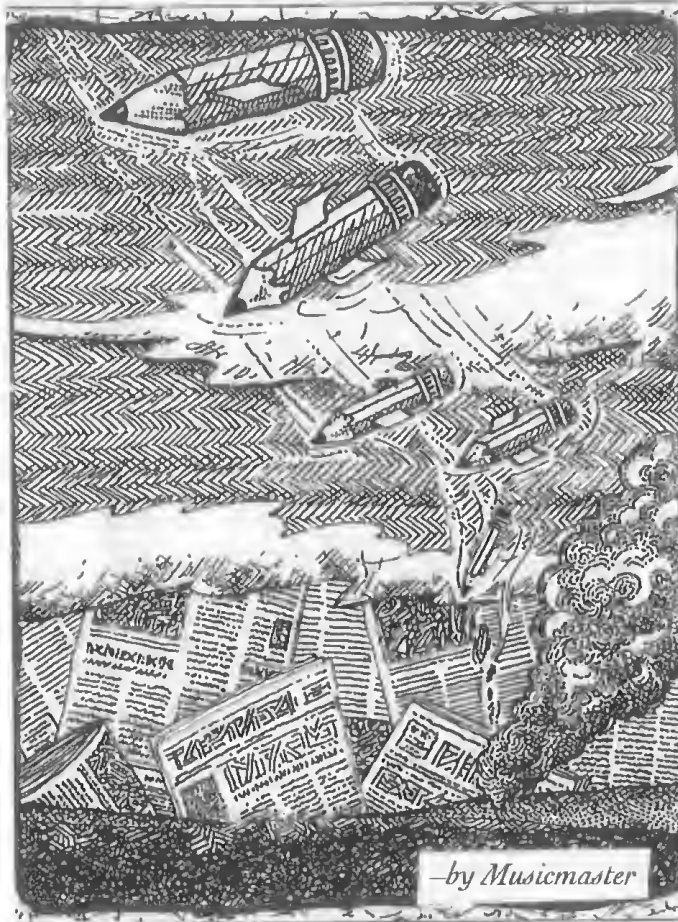
ey calle

The IN-APPROPRIATED PRESS #12

A Zine of Weird Shit & letters'n shit for Roanoke's Anti-Community (shit)
and their weird friends around the world

mOnocle
anti-press

mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press
A.Da.102 / A.H. 182



Featuring:
Reid Wood
Stangroom
Jack Foley
Warren Fry
Z-ran
Jim Leftwich
Remedios Varo
Musicmaster
Ivan Argüelles
Shelly Smith
Mim Golub Scalin
John M. Bennett
Anonymous Blokes
Steve Dalachinsky
Wilheim Katastrof
Olchar E. Lindsann

Geof Hendricks
1931 - 2018 Passed Into Text

Harlan Ellison
1934 - 2018 Passed Into Text

Chloe Harnett-Hargrove

Published Despite Your Desires to the Contrary
in Roanoke, Virginia

July - A.Da. 102/A.H. 188

(2018 A.D. depending on your chronological priorities)



Olchar E. Lindsann

for live avant-performance, see

monoclelash@gmail.com

Monocle-Lash Anti-Press on facebook

Art Rat Studios on facebook

monoclelsh@gmail.com

GRA Barr

neuro-optometrist who prescribed a

PRECISION TUNE-UP

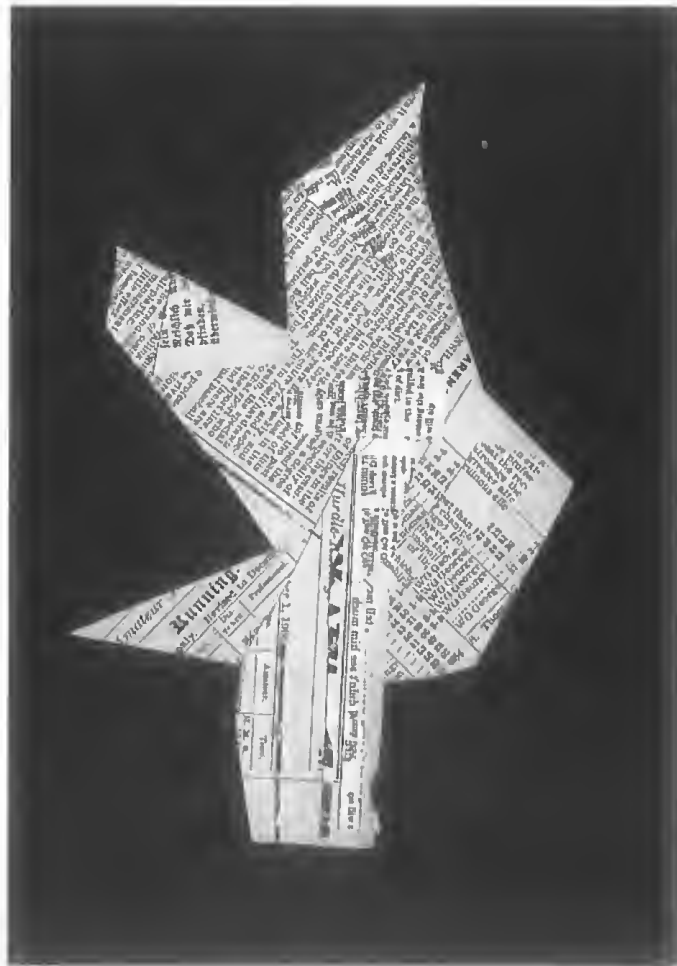
LUNA BISONTE



PRODS

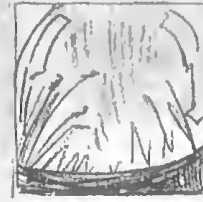
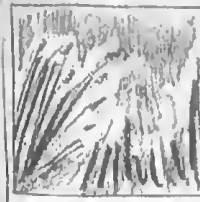
137 LELAND AVE.
COLUMBUS OHIO
43214 U.S.A.

—by Chloe Harnett-Hargrove



—by Musicmaster

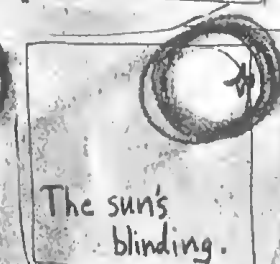
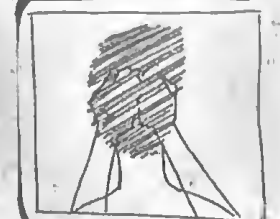
She said to look for a sign or a dream.



With my luck, I

dreamed a sign,

then forgot about it.



The sun's
blinding.

The Phibionite Dance Club

“fla, fla, etc. What does MAR signify? Prec”

Privat d'Anglemont, Paris Anecdote, 1854.

blink
with
a phibionite
dance party
orgymar tis
mashed as
meshwork of
ventricles, to
the mechanimar
national man-
hunt in the axial
on faceboomar
scalp creamtwist
all over their oil
y la rifl, la, la
a dancemar of
skittlers spine
suspiciomar
don't touch
their handemars
(of toledo)

John M. Bennett

pendejo de mierda
run snore re
doubt blown
through green
cave the laundry
sleeps shakes
me echo una jettita
negra que negra bi
anco que blanco y
una brisa hay ~
me leo al re
¿ves? se v e la
puerta en llamas
me retorno reuere
ante la pila ahogada
del reloj. una mierda
con peluca guera s
numbles at the d
ripping mouth and
I shovel the caca
over a gleaming book

— by Olchar E. Lindsann

Anastasia Clarke -- Crystal Penolosa --

Llywelyn Expedition
Tuesday, June 5 at 7 PM - 11 PM
at the Art Rat

Public - Hosted by Ralph Eaton

Crystal Penolosa

"I've been developing a style of playing electronics that's very literal, with every action translating to a sonic equivalent. My voice is a primary driver in carrying out a new play style for myself. One of the most useful tools to work on my voice is finding a silent empty room, which can be quite challenging in New York. Being alone in isolation is one of few instances where I can play freely and break down my own personal barriers on expression. The voice styling is contextualized in my music but in practice, they're the same techniques in developing a wider range of pitches for speech."

Solo Rehearsal at Spaceworks in Williamsburg. (03/01/18)

Crystal opened the evening. Voices playing their voice "a useful challenge freely contextualized" -- literal and carving is finding -- barriers, or berries in practice. Tomislav told them about the temporary autonomous zone. Crystal told him about noise tools. Autonomous is obvious, a given; temporary is the hard part. We have been translated into style ("a style is a behavior" said Tom Taylor) for our expression (ocular nor pinnacle enchantment) by empty signifier > emptiness > signified techniques. At the center of the sign stands the zen master, directing traffic. All emptiness all the time. We are trapped in a multiple present, fortunate to have its refusals to stand still. A beat is a hybrid timestamp, always halfway behind itself. Every action is a new play. Sequences and clusters of notes translate us into sea quenches sand clue luster, of no not, the tea is the test. "How did we get here?" is always the first and the last question. Between those radios and objects chewing, a journey by sea over wheat fields and car horns, younger than the sun impending electricity.

Llywelyn Expedition w/Khate

An undulating drone, maybe twenty minutes of it, no one was counting (there will be a video, which will have counted), time if we remember correctly or closely (capaciously) has not and does not, will not come to us in components, we find ourselves in it if we are fortunate enough to awaken at least potentially outside (without) ourselves. If we tell stories, if we must tell stories (and, indeed, we must -- in fact, we will tell them as if time, has and was, will be discernible (receptacle), muscles, duende up through the feet, a dance of grammar to return us to our place just past the present. They, Wayne and Khate, were -- of a sudden, as it were -- wandering around in costume, preparing the collective psyche, disarray, probably not actual aluminum foil but close enough to conjure memories of wrapping food and baking it, warding off alien zapwaves deeper than the sleepless state. Earlier in the evening they had prepared an open quaternary for the seals of a sacred rite. Homemade instruments crenelated against a quiet. Pocks and marks from a certain squint, they placed this precisely there, that near here, the others between (isosceles, the pre-thalasian philosopher), to make us think, to invite us towards a thinking (then beckons, as now, The Thin King). A cello, without foil, let's say, to tell the story of melody, how it fell into disfavor with the king, Order Of Any Kind (OOAK, The Warrior), disbanded, their offshoots and rhizomes (the understory) growing forever after, the growl of the cello in The Jungles of the Rat. I was there. A couple came in, entered through the front door, soon fell into scraps and hats, full suits of faux aluminum foil (to keep the sunwave glints from glancing through their windows) (any movement, if moving during music, will at least best be a myth of dance), his head is half of a percussion instrument, in a certain supple kneeling her hair piles on the floor. I can think of Sun Ra if I want to, I thought, slowly and silently in the secret synapses of my mind. Say what you want, write or be written, play your way into the starting line-up, the play's the thing.

Anastasia Clarke, The Reintegration Station at Art Rat Studios.

"A playground where you can explore what power and control really means to you."

Today the afternoon after the show as I was preparing to write something about Anastasia's performance I received a notification from YouTube that screedeycon had posted a video, which turned out to be Ralph's video of Anastasia's performance.

So, today I am for the first time with these reports writing from memories as usual but also writing while watching the video.

Before beginning, she scattered a handful of copper "leaves" or "footprints" onto the floor in front of her table and laptop.

"What I'm doing here is I'm making some medicine." She pours water from a small jar into a large bowl. A low droning pulse from the laptop.

"one part childhood trauma, two parts past relationship shaming, and a drop of the essence of failed peer review"

Kneeling on a small carpet, she plays the singing bowls with the singing bowl drumstick flute stirrer wand. She's wearing a wig, with a miner's lamp strapped to her forehead. "These solutions are based on the homeopathic principle that like cures like, and they taste very, very good."

She leans over the bowl puts her head inside and possibly I can't tell drinks some of the tasty solution.

About six minutes in after a few minutes of processed vocals and noise she moves out in front of her table and begins interacting with the copper leaves and/or footprints. Before floor what into a low part of essence, kneeling flute solutions taste lean about six in front. I talked with her about the copper leaves for a few minutes after her performance. The copper leaves are connected via alligator-clipped wires to an electronics box. Her body completes a circuit so her movements play the music she is moving to and with. The dance plays the music for the dance. Bare feet bare hands and bare arms activate and agitate or interrogate and innovate the pre-recorded while processual sounds we see, embodied in the dancer as she plays an instrument of her self.

Green and violet holes fall from the ceiling as components of Ralph's psychedelic raimosphere light show. The ghost of fuzzy kudzu past hangs from the wall like a smokescreen. Great big googly-eyed frogmonster nightmare hallucination laughing and hovering beside the parachute grenade, interstellar space receding into infinity behind him, the road of associational excess leads to the palace of associational excess, one lone stool at the corner of the beafrish aquarium.

Anastasia hops, crouches, shuffles a stack of copper leaves. A voice speaks in cut-up overprinted writing-against-itself, what happens when you eat too many radios all at once. She picks up two of the leaves, slowly pivots on her toes (away from the audience, maybe 15 - or 20 of us at our peak), as if reading the leaves, footprints in the sand, tea, perhaps the unintelligible (unreadable) voice is reading the leaves, has been all along, and so is Anastasia (we must suppose: a kind of divination, post-shamanic), but not us. We are watching an unreadable dance, and listening to the song it sings. She gives up trying to read the leaves, makes a small sculpture in her hand, a damaged flower petal. Small red and green splashes crawl like insects up the walls in the light show behind her. The huge pepper-spray cop from Occupy Davis is still pinned sideways to the art rat wall.

A passage of damaged language having to do with a patient or patients, maybe with patient-doctor relations, strong intimations of mental health institutions, power and control....

She says sings shouts:
seen and respected
seen and respected
seen and respected
seen and respected as a person

Does this reality speak to you?
Does this medicine work for you?
Are you finding out?

She says: "I keep feeling like there's someone standing behind me over my right shoulder."

After the show she says she really did feel that way.

She sings into the laptop and the laptop sings back to her:

Does this reality speak to you?
Does this medicine work for you?
Are you finding out?

We are finding out, as an audience, at least as one member of an audience, the medicine is working and the reality is speaking, as the question "Are you finding out?" breaks and morphs into a processed song -- which ends, perhaps, who can honestly claim to be certain? with a final answer: "we don't need 'em!"

There are, within this 25-minute performance, several sections, any one of which can be seen as commenting on all the others. This section ending "we don't need 'em!" in particular seems to answer many of the rhetorical/provisional questions posed sporadically throughout the piece. It comes 16 minutes into the performance, a little less than two-thirds of the way through. It is powerful and decisive, but considering how it is placed in relation to the complete piece, it cannot be taken as the last word on any of its subjects.

She shuffled the leaves and footprints on the art rat floor.

She stood over the singing bowls.

She scraped two stones together and the dust fell into the smaller bowl.

20 minutes in she puts the wig and miner's lamp back on. She had taken them off six and a half minutes in. I had forgotten about them. Now I am wondering how many "characters" there are in this little anti-play. Probably more than two.

She walks out in front of her table and puts the microphone on the floor. She spins and scrapes and twirls and smears and smushes the leaves against the floor. Gradually she unattaches the alligator clips. The music now of the copper footprints walking across the floor. The dancer, and the traces of the dance, as the traces of the dance, are the music they are dancing to.



ANONYMOUS WORKER ART
ROANOKE VA USA
Summer 2016

—by *Wilheim Katastrof*

John M. Bennett



Anti-oonroo N

WHITE LINE FEVER HAIKU
Shelly Smith
2018

Happy trails to you
Hold the line or make your own
Painterly pathways





**REFLECTIONS UPON REMEDIOS VARO'S
"THE CREATION OF THE BIRDS" (1957)**

At a time when the President of the United States
Was asked, "Sir, why are you lying?"
I came upon this amazing
Visual fiction.
It was not the Unconscious—
Something existing previously but hidden—
Making itself visible
But a sudden rush into the new
Something that never was but could be.
It was not what I had known but kept hidden
But something I had never known—
The palpable presence
Not of the past
But of the impossible
Possible: the new.
What is strange

About this magnificent painting
Is its deep familiarity.
It is almost a mother and child,
A domestic scene
In which the mother is
Sitting at a desk
(She is barefoot)
Painting or perhaps writing.
Her light
Comes from what seems to be
A distant star
Whose illumination
Is refracted
Through a prism
She holds delicately
In her left hand.

Foley's Folly
-for Jack Foley

"'tis Folly," with fury
the foute told to Foley -
'twas full of these furry
fun fads forked fast wholly;

"this film," quoth our Foley
"hath soundless steps: pack
up my foley-box slowly -
I shall taketh three whacks
at the foleywork: hack
at a felt-pack and only
in one take: one solely
will fill what it lacks.

like lagoon though boldly
Jack generates flack
(he has such a knack) -
this faculty's holy
it flies high and lowly
like ducks weighed with quacks.

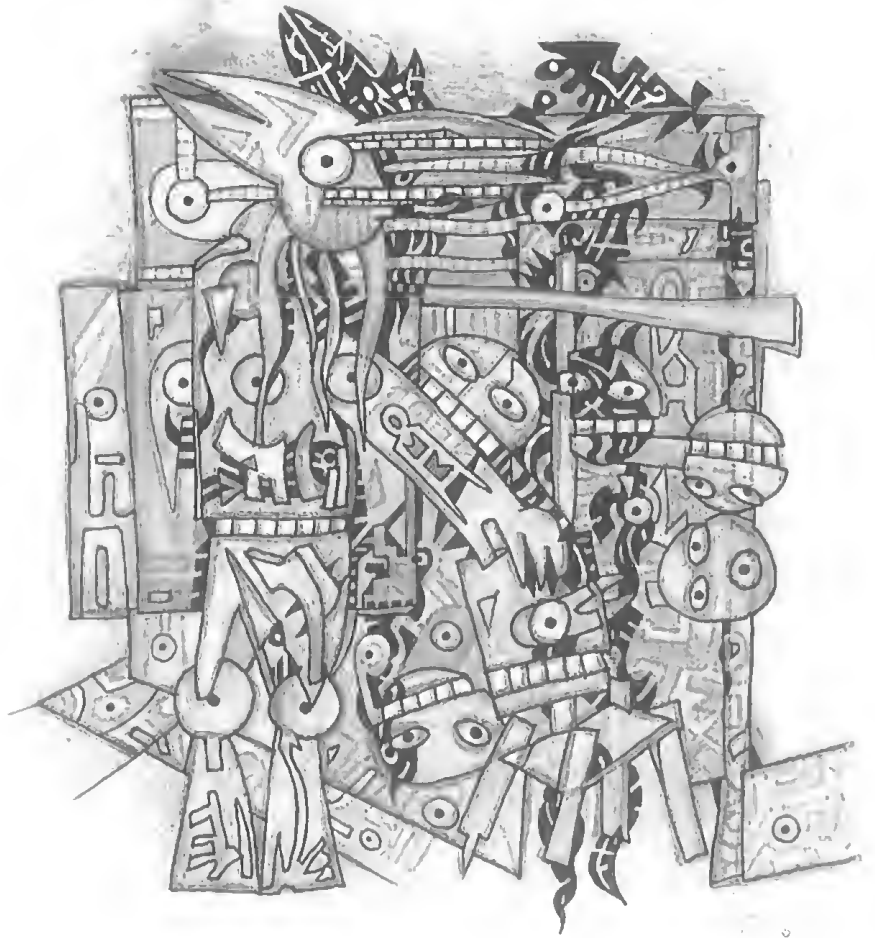
So where'er you see Foley
there following in back
whole files of rucksacks
and fat jars of tacks
and jumbles of hat-racks
and fresh chili-mac
are foll'wing: shriek, "show me
the fundament, Jack!"
So does - and it cracks -
as they're sucked in the vac
-cum, they yell: "holey moley!"
like fast rolly-polies
they learn as he cack
-les why Jack's full of Folly:
so follow that Foley!

- by Olchar E. Lindbann

Next to her
Is a being,
Itself attached to something outside.
It seems to be providing
Color to her palette.
Where her heart might be
Is a violin
One of whose strings
Is attached
To her pen or brush.
Fluttering up from the table
Are the living birds.
It is all unbelievable
As we are caught
Between
What we know
And what we have never known.
This is the light
Of intellect.
This is the moment
In which thought happens.
This is $E = mc^2$
This is the chord
We would never expect
In a symphony
Whose parameters
We thought we knew.
At this moment
We stand
Free of the past.
This
Is the Beyond,
The factory
Of the impossible
Possible,
The ungraspable
Graspable
Dream.

- by Jack Foley

itnA nuehT itnA nuehT



by Musicmaster

dO'ne

"lary O'Gar"

- Ambrose Bierce, *FREEDOM*, n.

"dne"

- John M. Bennett &

C. Mehrl Bennett, *Your Fish End*

Freedom, You as put every your schoolboy fish knows, in
flabber Once sed shrieked a as nit Kosciusko collabpse fell;
On sod every the wind, lawn indeed, with that wine blows
was I mist hear and her tuna yell.

(swirls

She cough screams in whenever coffin, monarchs hand meet, like
ble And hab parliaments it as it's well, nos
To your bind packed the nostril chains bubbled about goose her leg feet
nors And was toll h her singkage knell.

flapulence)

And Who when is the that sovereign ghost people writer, cast ebbing
drem The off votes mirror they aflutter cannot inna spell, hack
Upon head the ham pestilential mirrored blast the
nor Her slabbed clamors the swell.

(breads

For rant all the to loaf whom that the spreads power's red given eyes
pants To the sway toad or sat to the compel, bed's
Among jump themselves fast apportion fast Heaven Johnny
I And was give blank her will Hell.)

- by Olchar E. Lindsann

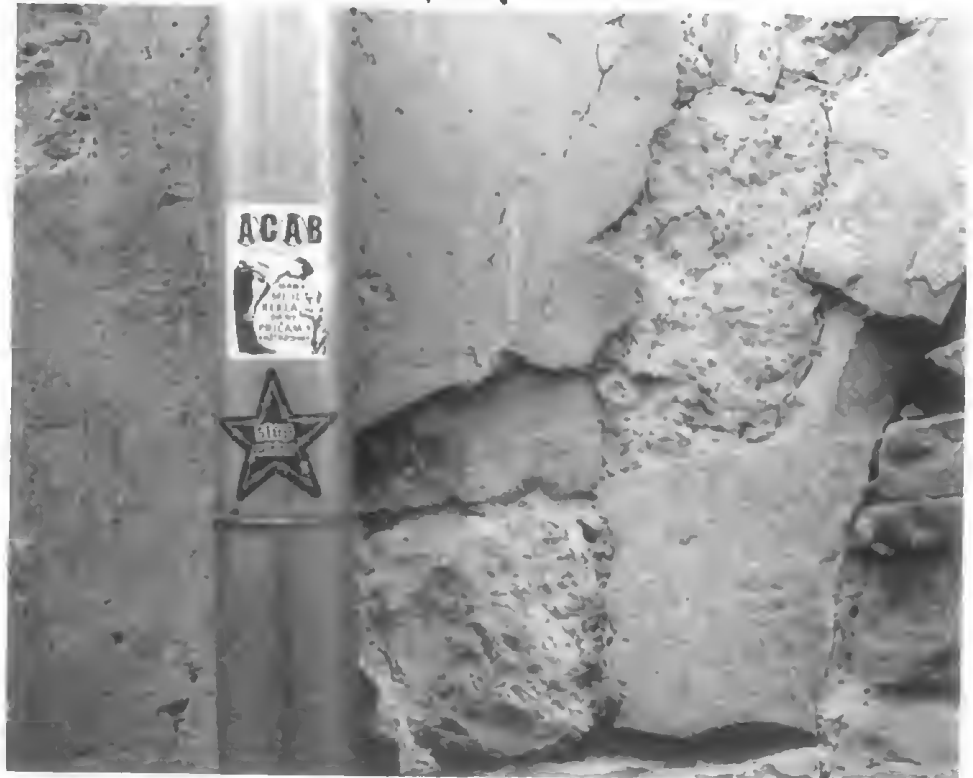
FROM YOUR BLOOD SPROUTED FREEDOM
YOU GAVE YOUR PRECIOUS LIVES
IN THE VICTORY IN THE FIGHT OF THE
YUGOSLAVIAN PEOPLE AGAINST FASCISM
TO CREATE A CELEBRATORY LIFE FOR
YOUR PEOPLE

MAY YOU HAVE ETERNAL GLORY AND GRATITUDE

CELEBRATING THE 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LIBERATION
THE PEOPLE OF MOTOVUN ERECT THIS PLAQUE
TO EXPRESS THE DEEPEST THANKS
TO THE FALLEN FIGHTERS
OF OUR LOCALITY

- THE PEOPLE OF MOTOVUN
MAY 3 1956

↖ All photographs by Wilhelm Katastrof ↗



"ACAB: MY MOM TOLD ME NOT TO SPEAK TO BASTARDS"

"STOP WIRING"

KUH! KUH! KUH! KUH! KUH! KUH!



John M. Bennett

Barr
ard Tryin'

June 2018

MPO INF

RMATRTAN

—by Ivan Argüelles

IN PRAISE OF PEACE

through dust a chink of light comes through
mingled with charred hooves a leather thong
ripped at the nerve traces of anthrax a pivot
belonging to a missing wheel one spoke still
turning mid air blot out the sun curse elders
strip the beaches of their shore a lion seen
mangy and curled warping through brushwood
or a goddess hightailing it in flight all blanched
the wood of her painted eyes chipped flaking
desperate to have a hook and into the fray lesser
demons split-lipped feverish yelling hospitals
spitting whole the innards size of horses in
tumultuous display the hand swift to cut
at the pulse beating a race to seize hearts
like gazelles in dreams the heroes quickened
in their shadows fast to die on the belt
mounting prayer wheels bright as new blood
wounded and maimed each rib shattered mud
caked orifices breath and nuances of flesh still
opened to the moving air in quoits and shafts
like boars maddened in the thickets circling
wildly *is wind the size of water* questions
giving up the ghost the antagonist a memory
of uplands grassy meadows meres small houses
called palaces and the petty kings a mob
hurtling curses in a pre-vedic speech pattern
intoning devastations of unheven marble talking

rock oracular leavened walls breaking apart
the seams of the world the triumph of clouds
bursting churning torrents of sulfurous rains
acidic and circular skies lowering by midday
heaving panting bodies uselessly piled up
against the gates holy schisms their mouths
torn open and pouring pitch night sounds hate
into the innermost and higher up the towering
a deity mostly dense linen staggering his weapon
twice and thrice the sun's brilliance and awe
have not mortals enough of this shouts a
curdling in the veins and frozen dramas acted
out on the tilting boards by the burning tents
tossing dice for a noon of pleasure in the midst
hair and perfumed dolled up the struts that
hold the breasts in place lips anchored to dyes
eye-shapes like owls searching the oil vats
for hidden coins their hips wide and big as
elephants in their gait between columns of
corpses the multiple and fuming dead already
ghosts bickering for alms a strip of suet anything
come night in the trenches the stench of rotting
all the universe reduced to a battle-ax or
a double-edged sword phalanx of ores tarnished
a nothing finally an evening blaze of gasoline
extending its violent peninsula far into
the galaxies crimson swirling pointless signals
what has been undone voice of invisible Fate

06-16-18

leaving the drugstore

the shadow its heat a tongue
brief letter E in lightless
grass blank toys and water
mark your buried knives

John M. Bennett
were heads shapeless ears a
rain map exhales yr book of
windows clocks wheels
sleeping inches from the wall

aphasia's wind speech
worms dancing in a body
box of burning alphabets
silhouettes spin in parentheses
doubled syntax missing your
marble doubt an inky flag dissolves

Recombinant distorted condensation of
Ivan Argüelles' Sonnets 92-100

pledged edge the
seam-dialer
norm nor sense
spit hoaray blugger
hlalalaglalala
deplomoniacalala
resonant
resin the sun on ant
slant toward slog orb
brubber/slimp
come-up-ant
1. rememberies
2. rememberm
3. remembererror
5. remembrance
resin the sun on ant
bat bat bat
bat bat bat

jim leftwich & steve dalachinsky:
norm



MOTOVUN, HR, EU



Upon further review, He can supply all your needs.

There is No Switch

Jim Leftwich: Report on Art Rat Show of June 7, 2018

Early in the evening Tom handed me one of Robert's Realicide stickers. It reads:

NO MORE EXCUSES

END WHITE SUPREMACY

DECIDE TODAY

Robert had on display a row of similar stickers along with the rest of his merch. Tom said the stickers were free. I picked up one with a skull-bomb on it. Skull with lit fuse winding out as if from the fontanel, the universal symbol for anarchy positioned in the center of the forehead like a third eye. A column to the left of the skull reads "Punk / Hip Hop / Electronic Noise". A column to the right says "Define it yr own way". At the bottom is written "Realicide Records". Towards the end of the evening Tom handed me another sticker. At the top it says "DECIDE" and at the bottom "TODAY". In the center are, reading/looking left to right, a lightbulb, a butterfly and a full moon partially effaced by dark splatters of clouds. On the moon is written "always another option". Tom suggested that this sticker should be juxtaposed to Margaret Thatcher's infamous TINA statement. He handed me another sticker. It reads, top to bottom:

DECIDE TODAY

HERE IS

REAL

WAY MORE THAN HELL

Tom says this is a response to a Christian billboard in Ohio which proclaims that Hell is Real.

Before the show Ralph, Olchar and I were standing in the parking lot and Ralph and I were talking about my report on the Anastasia Clarke performance, where I described part of the Raimosphere light show as "holes falling from the ceiling". I told him about being at the civic center here for a show in the early seventies, very young and very high, and being quite impressed by the "flying green holes" component of the light show. He said he was wary of contextualizing the Art Rat lighting within the sort of trippy hippie psychedelic rock and roll context. I agree, of course, but I also think the context will always be much larger than that. The rock show lighting evolved specifically from light sculptures created for early-60s La Monte Young performances by his wife, Marian Zazeela. From that context the music-accompanied-by-light-sculptures concept migrated to Andy Warhol's Plastic Exploding Inevitable with The Velvet Underground (perhaps cross-pollinated by the percussionist, poet, and psychodelic shaman Angus MacLise, who was involved in both of these scenes). Olchar suggested that Zazeela may have gotten the idea from Kandinsky, which seems very possible. In any case, the concept of pairing light sculptures with live music has a long and rich tradition, which intersects in the mid to late sixties with the countercultural threads of LSD exploration and related activities.

Lauren opened in the parking lot with a version of the Ben Bennett piece in which she quietly and persistently describes her surroundings. There is a video online of her performing this piece in Portland Maine in February of this year, and she discusses it briefly in an interview which can also be found online. I then narrate what I am experiencing... The contrast of building and sky is stark. I can feel a few pebbles beneath my feet. Possibly the original windows. The mortar between the bricks. A white Subaru. Other, similar, simple descriptive sentences and phrases. I remember fragments, and some of them incorrectly. I could wait for Ralph's video and use it to correct my memory. I am asking myself as I write this: what would be interesting -- inane? -- about using Ralph's video to repair so to speak the existential frailty of my recollections? I will permit the fragments and discrepancies to remain. Anyone who is likely to be reading this can find Ralph's video, if they're inane in that particular variety of veracity. With each pass of the loop, an additional layer of voice is added and I have to work harder to be understood over the growing din of my layered voices... Starting facing the entrance to the Art Rat, then turning to face the building to her right, turning again to face the exit from the complex, and again to face another building, then again and she is once more facing the Art Rat entrance. All the while a sampler is recording and looping some of her sentences. She is speaking over herself through herself and with herself. Very simple face face building descriptive the building sentences. In which shoe she could feel the surface turning against and looping her. We make words. We make lines. We make sentences. We layer them and they

TRUST THE EXPERTS NO COMMITMENT

intermingle. We then make and words they we intermingle make. Phrases we we them make make and lines words we they make we sentences intermingle we make layer. We then phrases intermingle make and we words they we make. Of course this is only an approximation of what occurs with the spoken word and a recording device.

Followed by Robert Imhuman. Ambient punk. A harsh muzak scraping against itself. Grating scraping pulsing thumping. I am asking while in it "am I expected to like this?" and I don't know the answer. I am thinking outside it, against it, "this is not made for me" -- therefore my questions and my answers have no relationship to it. I should be 16 years old and maybe a little drunk. It doesn't matter what I think. It doesn't matter what I write. This is the third time I've seen Robert perform. I know what he does. Because I know what he does, what else he does, what he has chosen not to do tonight, I am able to find his punk ambience interesting. Or "innocent"; as William Burroughs might have written. In Naked Lunch: Sick people disgust me already. When some citizen start telling me about his cancer of the prostate or his rotting septum make with that purulent discharge I tell him: "You think I am innatured to hear about your horrible old condition? I am not innatured at all." P. I.: All right. Cut... You hate the French, don't you. Mister, I hate everybody. Doctor Benway says it's metabolic, I got this condition of the blood. But Benway is a liar, probably a thief, an infiltrating agent sneaking around Tangiers in his shiny Parisian shoes. Robert towards the end of his set is sampling a male voice, probably from some movie I in some sense should have seen. I am thinking about applying a kind of ageist criticism to myself. Alienation changes over time. That's not quite right. Our experience of alienation changes over time. What seems important tonight is the continuity of alienation as experience, not the variations on it as a theme in our thoughts over the course of our contemplative lives. It occurs to me that Robert's ambient punk is a kind of distilled quintessence of anxiety and angst. Not an expression of anxiety and angst, but a residue, a rustling among the traces. The inside of my skull could be the set for an old B-movie, and this music would be the perfect soundtrack.

Olchar performed some letteral lyric poetry, some percussive tongue-and-teeth music (breathing to the beat), and some foaming dada anti-historigraphy, being in time, be here now. One could do worse than that last sentence by simply attempting a journalistic approach to describing the performance. Sub-syllabic song is not meant to mimic the harmonious music of the spheres. Letter by letter, space by space, we make words. We make phrases. We make sentences. We can reverse the process any time we want. Olchar sings those decisions as a post-neo anti-song.

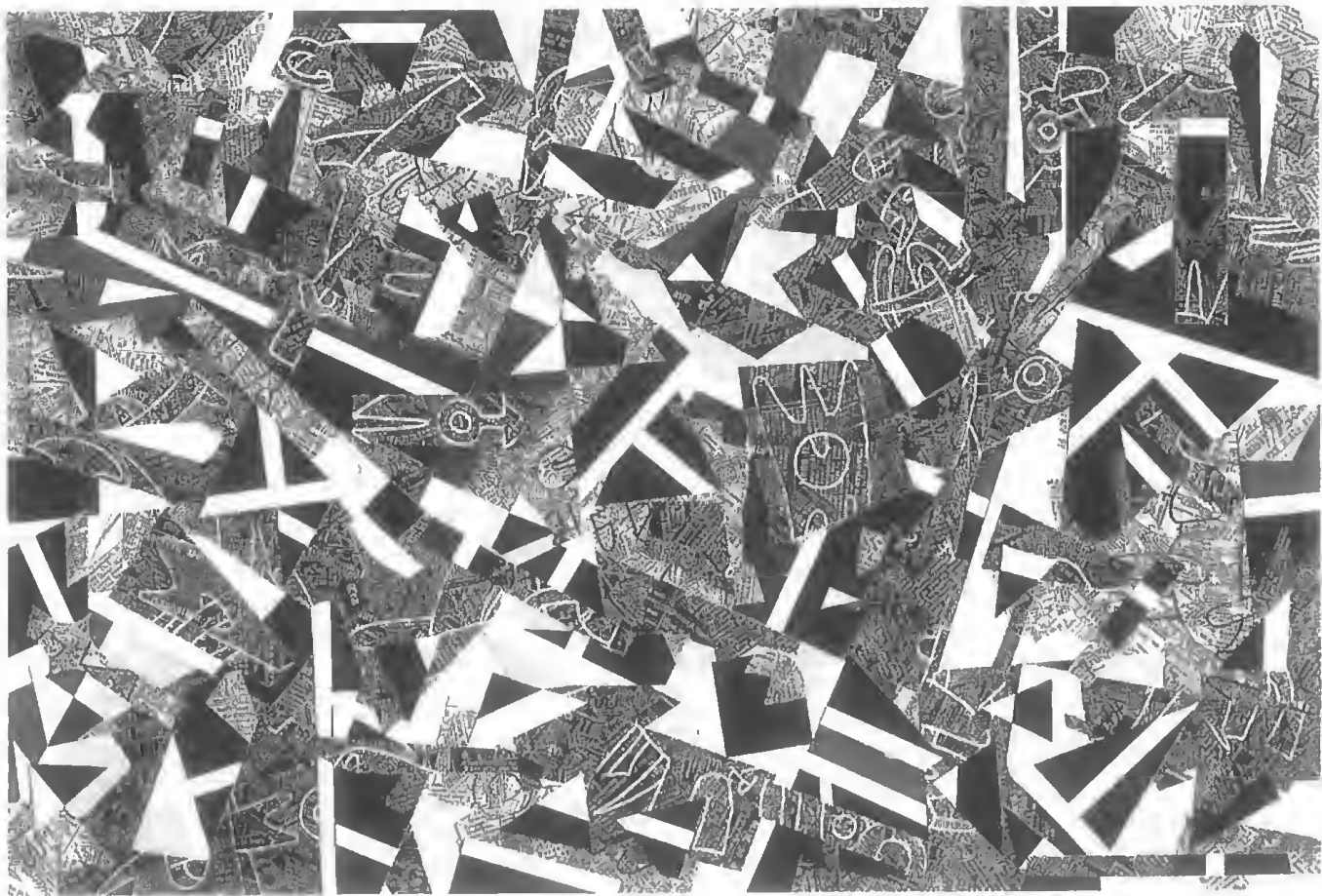
Words obedient to the rules of grammar and the roles of syntax act in collusion to conspire towards the transfer of information from one human being to another. The situation is significantly different when those words are aggregated and arrayed as poetry (Wittgenstein: "Do not forget that a poem, even though it is composed in the language of information, is not used in the language game of giving information."). At one extreme of poetic language words and/or letters act in collusion to convey the facticity of a poem from one human being to another.

InAppropriate-d Press #11 is just out (June 2018). I picked up a copy at the Art Rat on Tuesday and have been going through it for the past few days. At the bottom of the front cover is a strip of text which reads, in full: "called the Enrages (the madmen). The Enrages demanded immediate relief of the acute suffering of the people. They called"

Jacques Roux was the leading voice of The Enrages. The following is from a speech he delivered on 25 June 1793:

Freedom is but an empty illusion when one class of men can starve another with impunity. Equality is but an empty illusion when the rich, through monopolies, have the decision of life or death over their own kind. The back cover has a list of Art Rat events at the top, and a list of confirmed and probable contributors to the upcoming afterMAF at the bottom.

Olchar contributed a brief essay entitled "On The Community of Activated Obsessions". "Therefore, we must consciously, explicitly, and collectively develop new forms of rigour, which are not standardized, but rather empower our separate ventures while enriching our communal experience and contributing, in conscious and fully coordinated ways, to resisting the continued encroachment of Power."



bristles with volcanoes spewing
 enabling them to engage
 -- by Musicmaster

This issue has rounded-up contributions from K-Marx, Celestin Nanteuil and Bill Blake, among the slightly unusual suspects. The rest of us are: Jack Foley, Warren Fry, Diane Keys, Jim Leftwich, Visma Bruns, Musicmaster, Juanita Chriss, Ivan Arguelles, Bradley Chriss, Neural Necrosis, John M. Bennett, C. Mehri Bennett, Steve Dalachinsky, Wilhelm Katsaroi, Olchar E. Lindsann, and Megan Blaias-Chriss. The following contributions are listed as "Submitted by Jim Leftwich":

Joe McPhee, American jazz multi-instrumentalist, composer, improviser, theoretician & educator, b. 1939: "Remember, freedom is a work in progress."

Diane di Prima, American poet, educator, activist & historiographer, b. 1934, from Revolutionary Letter #3 (1968)

remember we are all used to eating less
 than the 'average American' and take it easy
 before we
 ever notice we're hungry the rest of the folk will be starving
 used as they are to meat and fresh milk daily
 and help will arrive, until the day no help arrives
 and then you're on your own.

Revolutionary Letters May 1968-December 1971

Andrea and Walter. Bats from Pogo. Walter makes faces and clowns a little, exaggerating leg movements and facial expressions. Early on in the set, this softens just slightly Andrea's belt-fed weapon delivery. Her vocals are a war against war itself. I notice almost immediately that both of them are barefoot. To go barefoot on the concrete floor of the Art Rat is to acknowledge the ubiquitous duende breathing in the air we breathe. Its importance cannot be overstated.

Federico Garcia Lorca -- "But there are neither maps nor exercises to help us find the duende. We only know that he burns the blood like a poultice of broken glass, that he exhausts, that he rejects all the sweet geometry we have learned, that he smashes styles, that he leans on human pain with no consolation and makes Goya (master of the grays, silvers, and pinks of the best English painting) work with his fists and knees in horrible bitumens.

Lorca again -- So, then, the duende is a force not a labour, a struggle not a thought. I heard an old maestro of the guitar say: "The duende is not in the throat: the duende surges up, inside, from the soles of the feet." I take off my shoes in my mind and stroll through the air on a blood-red ribbon of broken glass. I have little or no choice in the matter.

Percussive laptop explosions.
 It is the desert of the real and the war is over whether you want it or not.
 It is the jungle of the unreal and the war is over and over again whether you want it or not.
 There is so much joy in this playing. The air around it is transformed forever. The trick -- performed for us, and performed by us -- is to anchor that perception in our synapses. Do Not Forget: that's the only mantra we need to remember. It is The Work, the daily remembering of how such joy is made.

I gave Andrea a copy of my Vallejo transmutations and in response she gave me one cassette of her playing solo and another cassette of her performing with Id M Theft. Able. It was as always awesome to see her

black smoke
 - for Eerie Billy Haddock

list congeals a wall dream's
 clogfrontation is the babies
 rotting in cages books burning
 on a concrete floor

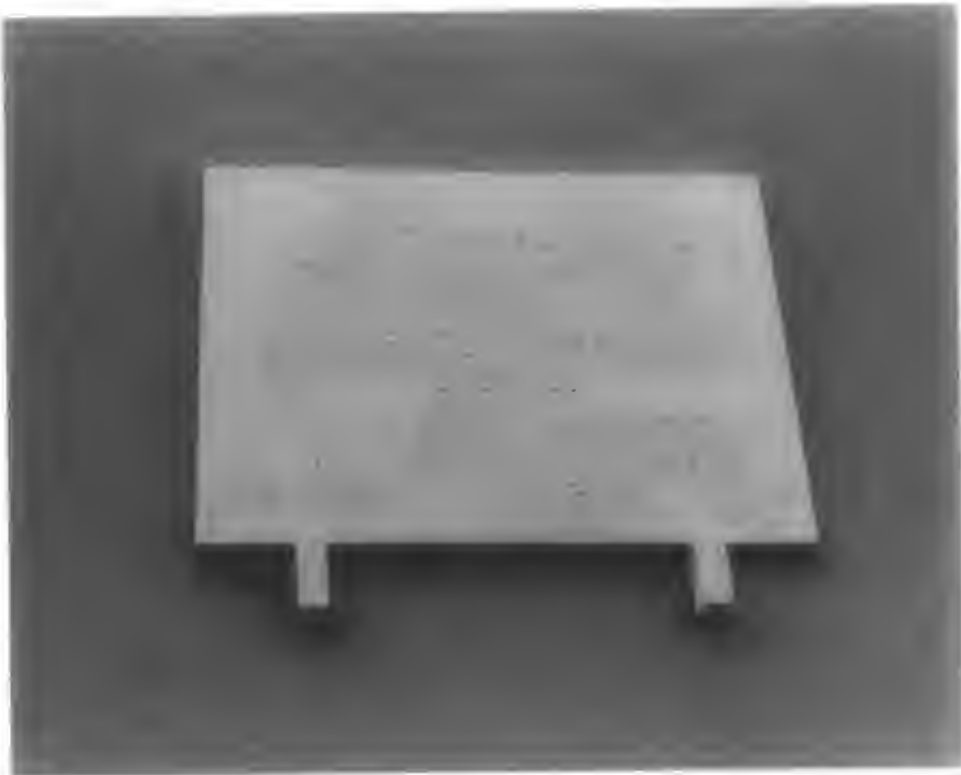
X x X XxX

unwaken a sandwich
 on your face COLOSTOMY
 in your tiny screen of wonder
 bread slab of dust kak
 pool is the fork held
 over your watch naked
 feet circle the edge with
 Eerie Billy's list : "envelopes
 hotsauce coleslaw drano" a
 mouth open ringed with

[cages]
 [dust pool]
 [tiny bread books]

an inch of corn en el
 espejo negro humo y reflujo ácido

John M. Bennett



OJORASCA

llamo llama llama llama llama
llama llama llama llama llama
llama llama llama llama llama
llama llama llama llama llama
llama llama PIEL llama llama
llama llama llama llama llama
llama llama llama llama llama
llama llama llama llama llama
llama llama llama llama llama

A
GUJEROS

John M. Bennett

OCTOBER 1941
IN THIS HOUSE THE FIRST
WOMEN'S ANTIFASCIST COMMITTEE OF SUŠAK
WAS FOUNDED

PLAQUE ERECTED BY
ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN'S SOCIETIES
8.III.1961 RIJEKA [YU]

Pléiade Rampe

" t l'escargot sans bruit "
- Maurice Rollinat, 'Nuit tombante'

" ere are things like reflecting pools, and ima "
- Jacques Derrida, "Linguistics and Grammatology"

" ant to be awake. I want to be without th "
- Alan Reed, *Before I Was Awake*

Arpen

If I c
vin cruel, ake usurp th
them I
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Et comt them

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Des buissstume it
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and if the rigin mord:

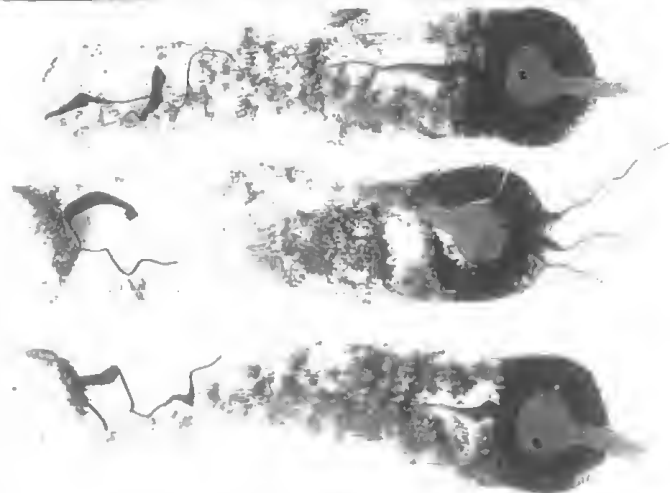
The violDe mystèfit and

ting is fond, it. That
is wh
Rampe e
ing becau ggrave, atery
ppears

seams otheir "proFlotte c
a cave becomes

ulpable, their something else.

- by Olchar E. Lindsann



John M. Bennett

CONTENTS

I make a handkerchief-sized card that sits in the breast pocket of my shirt
and on the part of the card that sticks out of my pocket
I write CONTENTS all caps centered above the pocket's button
it's like another button but bigger and rectangular and not-button-like
and if *and as* you pull it up and out of the pocket you can read the contents:
organs page 10 bones page 44 chip of wrist bone page 58 nerves page 91
fear of hugging people I don't know well enough to sleep with page 112
relics from good teachers stupid principals and abductions page 124
like that all the way down the card that you can keep pulling
up and out of my pocket like silks from a bar mitzvah magician's top hat
cut to the orchestra playing Sabre Dance the wild-haired conductor in a frenzy
all those dots of color when I rub my eyes page 168
how I picture people in my head page 225
knuckle cracking frequency and factors impacting volume page 345
conspiracy theories page 352 my belief that some or all of my conspiracy theories
are not my own and were implanted by someone else page 420
and the list just keeps on coming like tickertape because it's unabridged
it includes a log of every breath taken every recreational walk as well as
every recreational walk that didn't get messed up with thoughts of work
and then there's the **that that** section which is about when to use *that that*
instead of *that which* and rather than explain it here
when you can just pull the explanation out of my pocket
suffice it to say that sometimes people use *that that*
when they should've used *that which* so you can certainly acknowledge that **that that that that** person used was incorrect
bad ideas page 722 good ideas page 3,288 and lastly
with a ribbon of contents strewn across the stage
there's finally on page 3,289 a chapter called bad thoughts
and it goes on and on like happy blue lava on the range

— by Musicmaster

26 october 17

"CAPITALISM CANNOT BE REFORMED"
"Anarcho-syndicalist Network ('MASA')"

A surprising, vibrant, livable

All photographs by Wilhelm Katastrof



lenticular
sodden paper at the back
of your eyes it's your brain for
in ball of hair rotates slow in
dark says BLOTTCH an o
range exexult eggs sus
2 agujeros de mierda en
foque de lluvia o saliva pega
josa - pergamino del fulgor
desollado - *pellejo de-escrito*
como *mis olvidos* - que no
recuerdo que ni recuerdo
cómo me llamo cómo me
llamé cómo la llama d
rains swallow my shshoe y
camino como escalera sin
peldaños my shit a fog
unfocused was is lung and ants
-Joseph Ceravolo
My eyes are full of cement

John M. Bennett

Now Available!!!



JULES VASYLENKO

blit blat
blit blat
blit blat
blit blat
blit blat
blit blat
blit blat
blit blat
blit blat
blit blat

\$10 * [PRO-][ANTI-] * 80 min CD-R recorded at Art Rat Studios in April 2018 AD/102 ADA * Jules is a regular contributor to the Art Ratmosphere, Roanoke's fuzzy, noisy, psychedelic kudzu kolony. His departure for the deep south instigated this record of dynamic and intricate free playing, a result of decades of involvement in the mix from the UK to the Pacific Coast and New England, to Roanoke and beyond. Four tracks of horn wrangling. Cover interior illustrations by B. Chris and W. Fry. Proceeds go to Sid and Jules. Get it at aMAF '18!

THE UNREPEATABLE DAY

Wednesday ! the only day in a week of multiple weeks of months minus time plaint and counterpoint and unreality years consumed by a drop of dew clinging to the last blade of grass in the *Myth* lingering sunspots diseases of the x-ray one hour cannot be more than itself absorbed in the fretwork of what's to come minutes divided by sand-clocks and crickets rivers suddenly come to bear on night hieroglyph of speeding asterisks ablaze in the mind's incomplete funnel and *what !* afternoons that are really mornings or pre-dawn of the ineluctable story telling when shapes of the unborn become light schemes of sound and echo and silence total disarray of mechanisms that govern evolution and dissolution the Yawning whatever else can be discovered in stone the gap between thought and entelechy children ! Wednesday ! the awesome unrepeatable day of a lunar calendar of forty months per minute the statuary of forever unfinished and the blindness proceeding from the Minotaur's mouth cycles of heat and degeneration and hope inconstancies of the waiting room suspended where theory and principle are destroyed by the flick of a magic wand of *already* and sobbing and knees and apprehension nobody is found walking on the moor western winds tear up the Sanskrit of the Immaculate Heart and its rock here there was a *here* and no more omega situations of the brief and incontrovertible such as the history of man is or could be sashes plumb-lines and crematoria what can ever be reduced to its minimal ? driving cars of absolute metal and roaring cliffs of doubt and suddenly it's midnight and Thursday at last in eternity !

—by Ivan Argüelles



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JUL 05 2011

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Stangroom/Mim Golub Sealin/Reid Wood

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yoyo sentelt
, blin

from Wilhelm Katastrof:

"I'm not ever gonna go to Vietnam / I'd rather stay right here and screw your mom." - Ted Berrigan in *The Fugs' Doin' Alright* 1966

—by Olchar E. Lindsam

Coming Soon to Art Rat

Sat. 7/28 Lucas Brode

Thur 8/16 Ralph White

Tue 9/4 BOAT DARES

—by Ivan Argüelles

06-16-18

it doesn't take a Greek lexicon to know where
you're coming from, Baby, no filter-tip cigarette
burning at both ends to know what's up with you
smoking as if the mountain had no bottom and
sky that big unpainted mural shifting lazily
above your big head of oriental hair was ready
to burn! how many quizzes of the past life
did you jam with a forefinger isolating truth
from its literal consequence alpha and omega
shadow and outline of the unformed conscience
your beauty bilabial and consonant to nothing
sounding out the air you breathe with a red
violent from the start just waiting for a myth
to recur a rock garden stone abysses grasses
beautiful wild in the uplands where the goddess
of footsteps and indecision whispers her grotto
of lies to the furious Zeus who cannot control
mortal whims and the waters of darkness come
lapping at your ankles vestiges of a former love
a house of mystery doors that will never open
and a secret script unfolding on Egyptian paper
you'll never be able to read it not even in a next
life when light and the immense enigma it sheds
will strip you of all memory this ever happened
so come on, Baby, give me that last unredeemed
kiss that knockout to the senses and nerve endings
to obliterate all knowledge of your mouth breathing
deeply into mine sucking out the life-source
'til death us do part one from the other fade
of flowers and longing and silence eternal

Santa Teresa de Avila

"que nuevo porque no nuevo"

MOUTH TO MOUTH RESUSCITATION

AfterMAF 2018

Mafter Schedule

Thursday, July 12

- 5:00 – Doors, Zines, Activities, Spontaneous Actions
- 6:00 – O. Lindsann (VA) *Prints from the Revenant Archive*
- 7:30 – Megan Blafas (VA), *Group Sculpture Kick-Off*
- 7:40 – Warren Fry (VA), *Word Graith*
- 7:45 – C. Mehrl Bennett (OH), *Performances & Instructions*
- 8:30 – Wilhelm Katastrof (VA), *Appropriated Songs*
- 9:00 – Reid Wood (OH), *Performances & Suggestions*
- 9:30 – Bradley Chriss (VA), *Meat Poem*
- 10:00 – Edwin Birch (UK), *Long-Distance Thingum*
- 10:15 – Post-NeoAbsurdist Stunts
- 10:30 – Group Improv / Collab Opportunity

Friday, July 13

Note: Some Adult Content after 9 pm

- 4:00 – Doors, Zines, Activities, Spontaneous Actions
- 5:00 – Post-NeoAbsurdist Exploits
- 5:15 – Bitter, Inc. (NC), *Synth Punk Opera*
- 6:00 – Olchar E. Lindsann (VA), *Arthur Dies*
- 6:45 – Julie Becton Gillum (NC): *Bu Tap*
- 7:00 – John M. Bennett (OH): *Sound Poetry*
- 7:30 – Xambuca (NC): *Electronic Sound & Image*
- 8:30 – Deral Fenderson (VA): *Sonic Event*
- 9:00 – Mr. Thursday (VA): *Performance*
- 9:15 – The Emotron (GA): *Synth Midi Madness*
- 10:00 – Cut Throat Freak Show (GA), *Sideshow Classics*

Saturday, July 14

- Noon – Lindsann, *Occultism, Politics, & Avant-Romanticism*
- 1:30 – John M. Bennett (OH), *Dream De-Interpretations*
- 2:00 – Jennifer Weigel (KS), *Surprise Postal Activity*
- 2:15 – Amy Oliver (UK), *Eulogy for Forgrence Banafnar Cambrown*
- 2:30 – Elisa Faires & Chandra Shukla (NC), *Sound & Dance*
- 3:00 – Claire Constantikes, Kaily Schenker, Miles Washington (VA)
- 3:30 – Be Blank Consort (OH/VA), *Polyvocal Sound Poetry*
- 4:00 – Meg Mulhearn & David Lynch (NC), *Improv Noise*
- 4:30 – Tater Fraterabo (VA), *Textured noise*
- 5:00 – Edwin Birch, (UK/PNA), *Don't You Fucking Smile!*
- 5:30 – Julie Becton Gillum (NC), *Pledge*
- 6:00 – Cilla Vec (NC), *Modus Operandi*
- 6:45 – Blacksburg Avant Community (VA), *Mass Improv*
- 7:30 – Olchar E. Lindsann: *Sound Poetry*, 30 min
- 8:00 – Asheville Avant Community (NC), *Mass Improv*
- 8:45 – Neural Necrosis (VA), *Brutal Grinding Noise*
- 9:30 – The Llewellyn Expedition (VA), *Spectacular Noise*
- 10:00 – Art Rat All Stars (ALL OF US), *A Monstrous Racket!*

Saturday, July 15

- 12:00 – *Collab Table, Group Sculpture, Spontaneous Actions*
- 1:00 – Khathe Rheutling (VA), *Circuit-Bent Noise*
- 1:30 – Anti-Mass: *It's not that kind of Sunday...*
- 2:30 – Megan Blafas (VA) & Everyone, *Sculpture-Smashing!*
- 2:45 – Jennifer Weigel (KS), *Postal-Activity REDUX!*
- 3:00 – ALL, *Clean-Up Performance!*

BE BLANK

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From Across the Country



Thursday, July 12 — Sunday, July 15

@ Art Rat Studios

For more information look for Art Rat Studios on Facebook, or google
Art Rat Studios @ ABnormal Roanoke.

July 2018